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Tank's new life takes a dramatic turn as he discovers you can't take the DNAgent out of the boy!

KEEPING UP WITH THE CHANGES: It's been a while since you've seen an update on who is working here at Eclipse Central, hasn't it? Sorry 'bout that. Lemme see now... Here's how the California offices shape up:

Well, in May we bid adieu to the talented **Beppe Sabatini,** who moved on from office interning to free lance writing—including, of course, some stories for us.

In the meantime, we had acquired a production intern by the name of **Mack Fraga.** Mack has been everywhere and done almost everything, from working in the loan department of the Bank of America to crab fishing off the Alaska coast. After a couple of months as an intern, he decided to specialize in doing ad designs for Eclipse on a part-time basis, while continuing to pursue his own art studies on the side. There is no fandom for ad layouts and designs, but if you like any of our house ads, drop Mack a line and let him know—it gets kinda lonely in the light box alcove.

June saw us replace Beppe (in job description, if not in our hearts) with **David Allen,** known to fandom as David Allen from Olney, Illinois. Once a correspondent to my old *Buyer's Guide* column, "Fit to Print," David went on to grab an English degree and marry before wending his way to the Eclipse encampment in search of fame and glory. He's editing all the lettercolumns now. Fame and glory at eleven.

The peripatetic **Fred Burke,** last year's college intern, was so crazy in the head that he decided to come out and do it again, as part of his summer vacation. By the time you read this, Fred will be back at the University of Texas, working as managing editor of *UTmost* magazine and finishing out his last few months as a journalism major before joining the Eclipse staff permanently as an editor and script writer.

With Mack in the ad department, we've taken on a new production intern, **Maryellen Burdwood,** to help with the day-to-day pasting up of cover logos, letters pages and the like. Maryellen is a visual arts major at Antioch College who is Eclipsing as part of her work-study program. An ex-San Francisco bike messenger, she is also a part-time bicycle mechanic... and she'll probably paste this very Penumbra up once it is typeset.

In June we hired **Jim Friel** as our new sales manager. Jim's been in this business for many years, as a retailer, convention dealer, and distribution warehouse manager... but those of you who have been in fandom for a long time may also recall that years ago Jim inked the pencils of then-unknown artist Dave Sim. Is that a weird claim to fame or what? We haven't forgotten Jim's artistic talents, so, in addition to selling more Eclipse Comics than ever before, he's also hard at work on a savage black-and-white parody comic called *Elf-Thing*—which you can see when it hits the stands in November.

Now there's one last Eclipser i want to mention, even though she doesn't really work for us directly. She's **Mary Beth,** the Federal Express courier. Mary Beth brings in packages of original art, scripts and colouring every morning and comes back every afternoon to pick up the outgoing finished camera-ready work. Since we're way out in the woods, Mary Beth has a lot of driving to do, and since we're half the time late in packing stuff up, she often spends extra time here waiting for us to get our act together. Sometimes, when things get really hairy and a book is due at the engraver's next morning, she'll answer the phones or make photocopies for us while we letter those last-minute proofreading corrections or repaint that last-minute colouring error. So here's to Fed Ex, and to Mary Beth, the best darn courier in Northern California!

catherine yronwode

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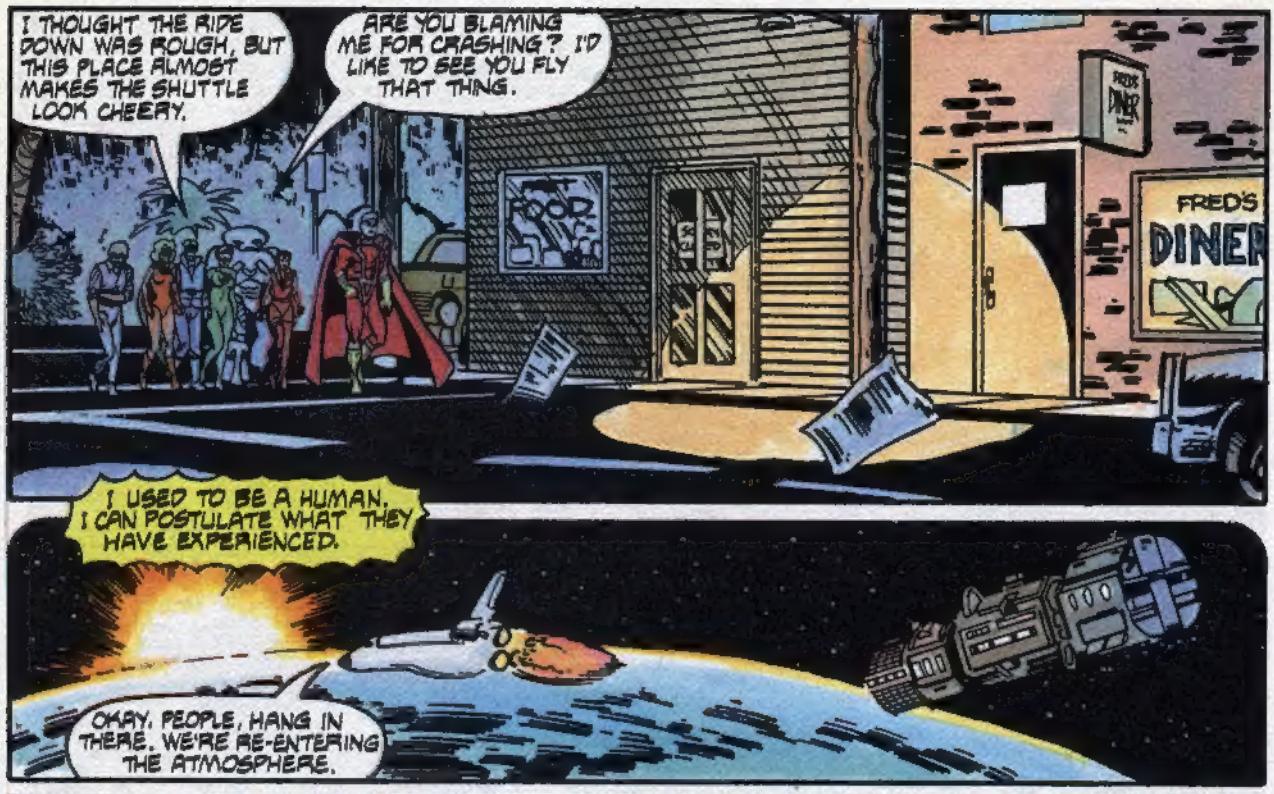

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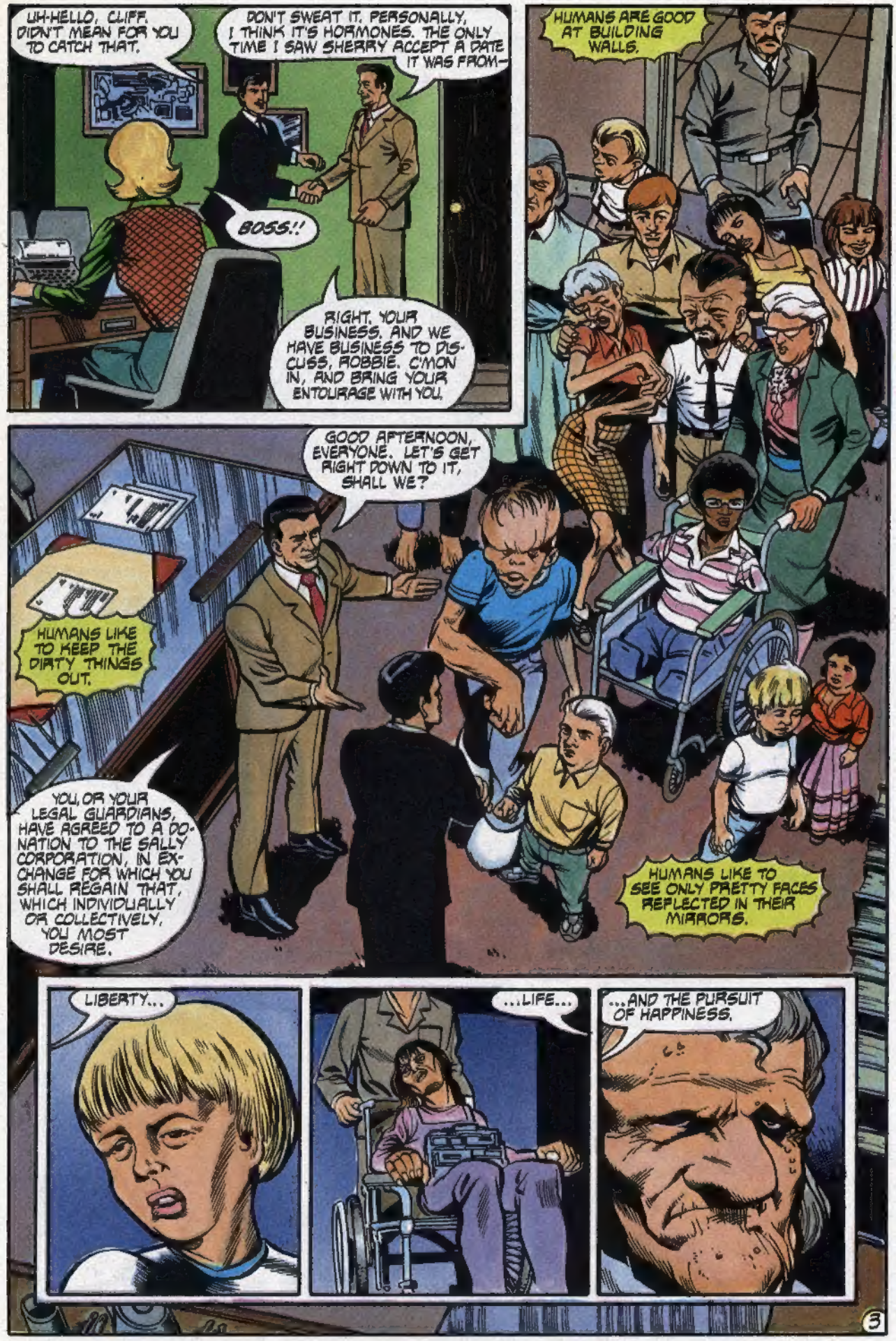
LETTERS: CARRIE SPIEGLE • COLORS: SAM PARSONS • EDITOR: JEAN DEMING
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: CAT & YRON WOOD

THIS STORY TAKES PLACE IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE NEW WAVE PREVIEW SEEN IN MIRACLEMAN #8 AND THE NEW DNAGENTS #9.

THAT IS WHAT MY MAKER SAID, THE DAY I LOST MY HUMANITY.
THEY HAD BROUGHT MY PREVIOUS INCARNATION TO ANOTHER KIND OF STEEL-GIRDED EDIFICE. HUMANS ARE GOOD AT BUILDING EDIFICES.
SALLY CORPORATION
HELLO, SHERRY. CAN YOU TELL HIM THAT I'M HERE WITH THE GOODS?
HE GOT CAUGHT UP IN AN UNEXPECTED MEETING. IT'LL BE A LITTLE WHILE. GRAB A SEAT.
WHO'S THE MEETING WITH?
IDI AMIN.
HA, HA, VERY FUNNY. WHO IS IT, REALLY?
DON'T BELIEVE ME. NO SKIN OFF MY NOSE...IS THAT THE BEST YOU COULD DO?
WHAT'S WRONG WITH THEM?
NOTHING.
SHERRY, MY LOVE, WE'RE NOT PREJUDICED, ARE WE?
OF COURSE NOT! WHAT A RIDICULOUS NOTION!
I'VE GOT A RIDICULOUS NOTION TO TAKE YOU OUT TO DINNER TONIGHT.
SEE? YOU ARE PREJUDICED.
YOU'RE RIGHT. THAT'S RIDICULOUS.
CALL IT DISCRIMINATING, ROBERT. SOUNDS NICER.
TIME
2


UH-HELLO, CLIFF. DIDN'T MEAN FOR YOU TO CATCH THAT.
DON'T SWEAT IT, PERSONALLY, I THINK IT'S HORMONES. THE ONLY TIME I SAW SHERRY ACCEPT A DATE IT WAS FROM—
BOSS!!
RIGHT. YOUR BUSINESS. AND WE HAVE BUSINESS TO DISCUSS, ROBBIE. C'MON IN, AND BRING YOUR ENTOURAGE WITH YOU.
HUMANS ARE GOOD AT BUILDING WALLS.
GOOD AFTERNOON, EVERYONE. LET'S GET RIGHT DOWN TO IT, SHALL WE?
HUMANS LIKE TO KEEP THE DIRTY THINGS OUT.
YOU, OR YOUR LEGAL GUARDIANS, HAVE AGREED TO A DONATION TO THE SALLY CORPORATION, IN EXCHANGE FOR WHICH YOU SHALL REGAIN THAT, WHICH INDIVIDUALLY OR COLLECTIVELY, YOU MOST DESIRE.
HUMANS LIKE TO SEE ONLY PRETTY FACES REFLECTED IN THEIR MIRRORS.
LIBERTY...
...LIFE...
...AND THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS.

ORGANIC BEINGS CAN BE VERY CRUEL.
THAT PARTICULAR STREAK OF VICIOUSNESS IS NO LONGER IN MY PROGRAMMING.
DOT... WHAT IS OUR ALTITUDE?
80,000 FEET... HOW IS EVERYBODY DOING?
IF I CAN PRY MY TEETH AWAY FROM THE BACK OF MY THROAT, I'LL LET YOU KNOW. HOW MUCH LONGER?
NOT MUCH. WHAT ABOUT THE ROBOT?
HARD TO TELL. HE ALWAYS LOOKS THE SAME.
HUMANS ATTACK THOSE WHO ARE DIFFERENT.
AND WHAT'S YOUR NAME, YOUNG MAN?
XENOPHOBIA IS A PRODUCT OF THEIR GENETIC PROGRAMMING.
THERE IS SAFETY IN HOMOGENEITY, ELIZABETH-CALLED-AVALON.
NOT TALKING, EH?

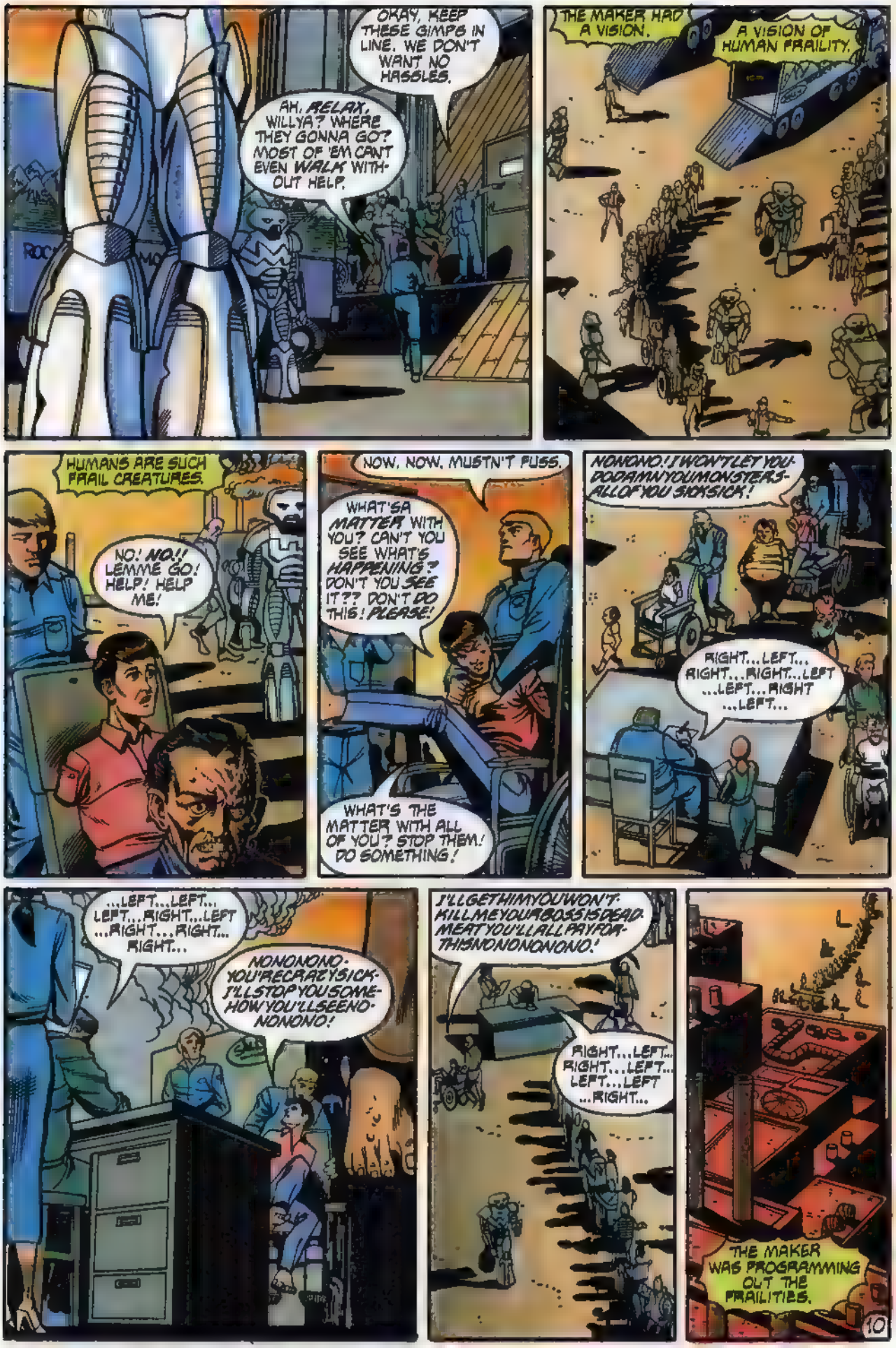
WELL, THAT'S OKAY. CAN'T SAY THAT I BLAME YOU. WITH YOUR HISTORY, I WOULDN'T TRUST ANYONE, EITHER.
THE MAKER APPEARED TO BE DIFFERENT FROM OTHER HUMANS.
IT SAYS IN MY FILES THAT YOU HAVE A PARTICULAR GENIUS FOR COMPUTERS. IS THAT RIGHT?
HE TOUCHED ME.
THAT'S A GREAT GIFT, SON. COMPUTERS BAFFLE ME.
THEY— THEY REALLY AREN'T SO— SO HARD.
EASY FOR YOU TO SAY. I GUESS I'M JUST STUCK IN THE DARK AGES. AN ADDING MACHINE IS JUST ABOUT THE ONLY MACHINE I CAN HANDLE.
WANT A PIECE?
IF I DID, I'D TAKE IT MYSELF!!
SO?
AND YOU DON'T HAVE TO UNWRAP IT, EITHER!!
I WASN'T GOING TO.
DOUBLEMINT?
YEAH, MY FAVORITE.
MINE, TOO.
5

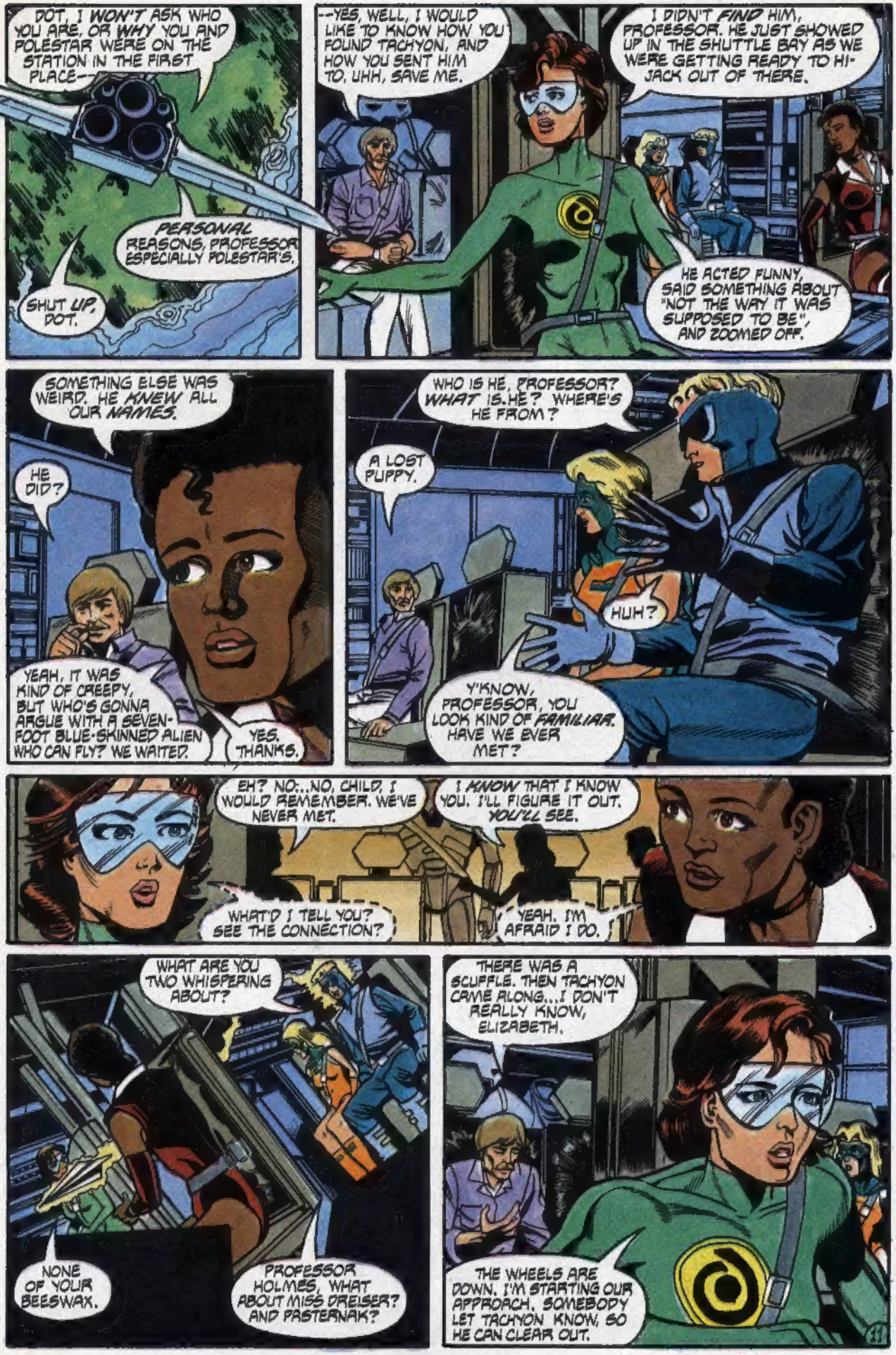
THE MAKER FED ALL KINDS OF STRAY ANIMALS.
HE WAS FOND OF HIS PETS.
HOW THE HELL DO I KNOW?! JUST BECAUSE I'M SITTING IN THE CO-PILOT SEAT DOESN'T MEAN I KNOW WHAT THE HELL I'M DOING!
EMERGENCY EXIT
CALM DOWN... PROFESSOR HOLMES, YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT NAVIGATION?
WHAT IS NAVIGATION?
MORGAN, WHAT'S OUR PROJECTED TRAJECTORY?
I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU COULD FLY THIS THING, LADY!
HOO, BOY, WHAT A CREW!...WONDER IF THIS THING HAS AN AUTOMATIC LANDING SEQUENCE?
BY THE SEAT OF MY PANTS, DANNY-BOY. AND IT LOOKS LIKE THAT'S THE SAME WAY I'M GOING TO DOWN THIS BIRD.
FROM THE LATIN NAVIGARE, TACHYON... "TO CONDUCT A SHIP..."
I CAN DO THAT.
I SUPPOSE YOU'RE JUST GOING TO FLY OUTSIDE AND BRING US IN? LIKE THEY DO IN THE COMICS?
YES, THAT IS WHAT I MEANT. BUT WHAT ARE COMICS?
COMICS, TACHYON, ARE PEOPLE WHO STAND UP IN FRONT OF OTHER PEOPLE AND MAKE FOOLS OF THEMSELVES. LIKE DANNY-BOY THERE.
EVERYBODY STRAP IN TIGHT... OKAY, TACKY—
6

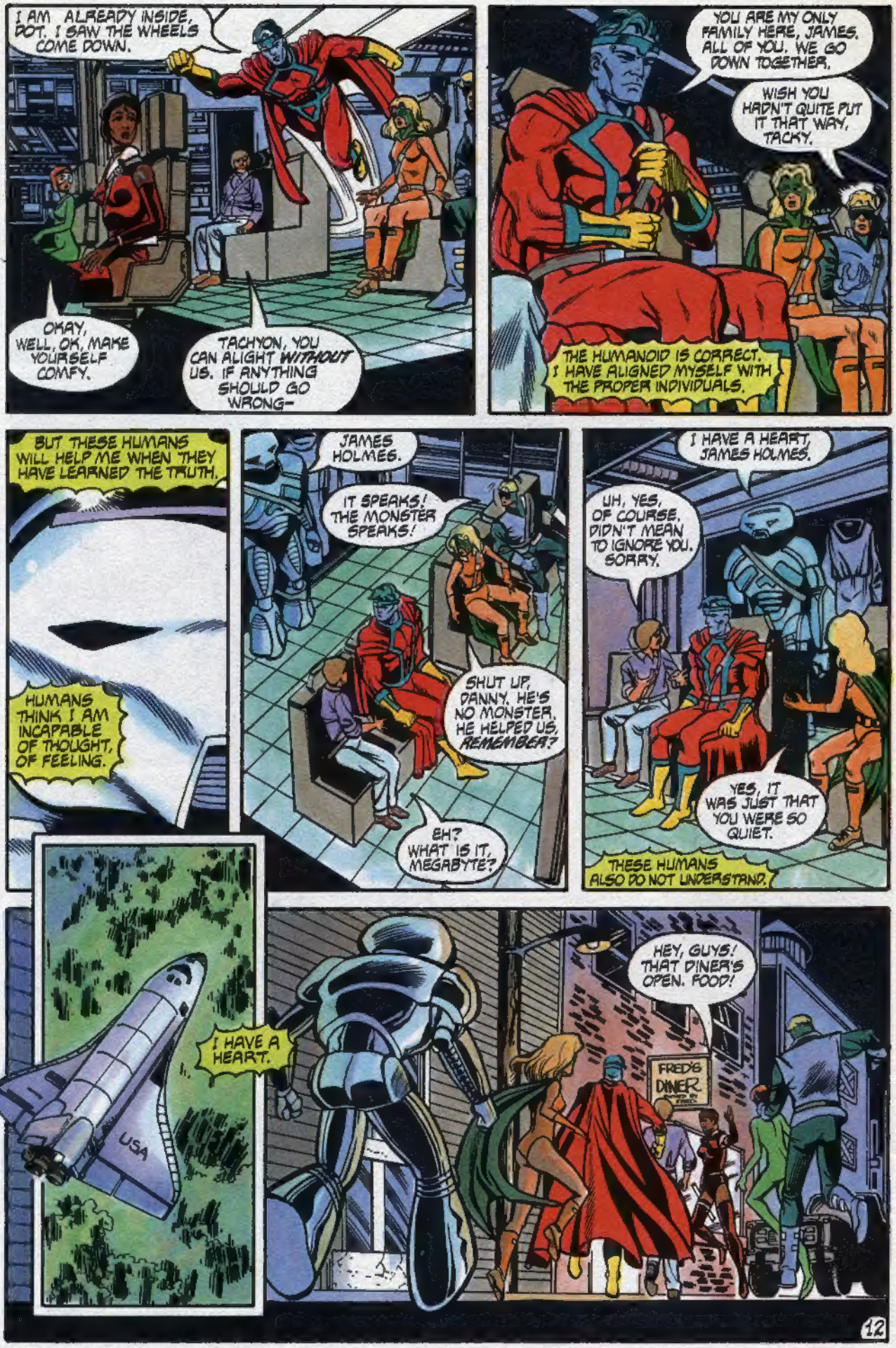
DO IT!!
WH AAHMP?
AAAAH!
WHOOOSSHH
UHHH!
HANG ON!
WHOOOSSH
WHAT'S THAT ALIEN DOING??? WHERE IS HE??
DOT, DO SOMETHING
MAYBE HE DIDN'T UNDERSTAND!!
I'M TRYING!! WHERE IS THAT GUY??
7

WHINNNNNNNNNNNN
WHINNNNN
WHINNNNNNNNNN
WHINNNN
I DID IT, DOT.

HE DID IT.
WELL, DON'T GET ALL MUSHY ABOUT IT.
WE'RE NOT ON THE GROUND YET, POLESTAR.
OKAY, LIZ?...HEY, DOT, DON'T YOU EVER SMILE?
NO.
YOU AND THE TIN MAN MAKE A PERFECT COUPLE, YOU KNOW THAT?
HEY, PROF, WHAT'S WITH THESE ROBOT THINGS, ANYWAY? WHERE DID PASTERNAK GET THEM?
CLIFF WAS ALWAYS INTERESTED IN ROBOTICS, AND AS WITH EVERYTHING ELSE, HE SURROUNDED HIMSELF WITH THE BEST IN THE FIELD.
IN THIS WAY, THE MAKER WAS VERY HUMAN. HE INITIATED THE MEANS TO MEET HIS DESIRE.
HIS DESIRE WAS TO PROMISE LIFE.
OKAY, ROBBIE, THIS BATCH WILL DO JUST FINE. HAVE THEM PROCESSED AND SENT OUT TO THE FACILITY.
HIS DESIRE WAS TO GRANT LIFE.
MAKING LIFE EASIER...
SALLY CORPORATION.
HIS DESIRE WAS TO CONTROL LIFE.
ROCKY
SALLY


OKAY, KEEP THESE GIMPS IN LINE. WE DON'T WANT NO HASSLES.
AH, RELAX, WILLYA? WHERE THEY GONNA GO? MOST OF 'EM CAN'T EVEN WALK WITHOUT HELP.
THE MAKER HAD A VISION.
A VISION OF HUMAN FRAILITY.
HUMANS ARE SUCH FRAIL CREATURES.
NO! NO!! LEMME GO! HELP! HELP ME!
NOW, NOW. MUSTN'T FUSS.
WHAT'SA MATTER WITH YOU? CAN'T YOU SEE WHAT'S HAPPENING? DON'T YOU SEE IT?? DON'T DO THIS! PLEASE!
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ALL OF YOU? STOP THEM! DO SOMETHING!
NONONO! I WON'T LET YOU- DODAMN'YOUMONSTERS- ALLOFYOU SICKSICK!
RIGHT...LEFT... RIGHT...RIGHT...LEFT ...LEFT...RIGHT ...LEFT...
...LEFT...LEFT... LEFT...RIGHT...LEFT ...RIGHT...RIGHT... RIGHT...
NONONONO. YOU'RECRAZYSICK- I'LLSTOPYOUSOME- HOWYOU'LLSEENO- NONONO!
I'LLGETHIMYOUWON'T. KILLMEYOURBOSSISDEAD. MEATYOU'LLALLPAYFOR- THISNONONONONONO!
RIGHT...LEFT... RIGHT...LEFT... LEFT...LEFT ...RIGHT...
THE MAKER WAS PROGRAMMING OUT THE FRAILITIES.


DOT, I WON'T ASK WHO YOU ARE, OR WHY YOU AND POLESTAR WERE ON THE STATION IN THE FIRST PLACE--
PERSONAL REASONS, PROFESSOR ESPECIALLY POLESTAR'S.
SHUT UP, DOT.
--YES, WELL, I WOULD LIKE TO KNOW HOW YOU FOUND TACHYON, AND HOW YOU SENT HIM TO, UHH, SAVE ME.
I DIDN'T FIND HIM, PROFESSOR. HE JUST SHOWED UP IN THE SHUTTLE BAY AS WE WERE GETTING READY TO HI-JACK OUT OF THERE.
HE ACTED FUNNY, SAID SOMETHING ABOUT "NOT THE WAY IT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE", AND ZOOMED OFF.
SOMETHING ELSE WAS WEIRD. HE KNEW ALL OUR NAMES.
HE DID?
YEAH, IT WAS KIND OF CREEPY, BUT WHO'S GONNA ARGUE WITH A SEVEN-FOOT BLUE-SKINNED ALIEN WHO CAN FLY? WE WAITED.
YES. THANKS.
WHO IS HE, PROFESSOR? WHAT IS HE? WHERE'S HE FROM?
A LOST PUPPY.
HUH?
Y'KNOW, PROFESSOR, YOU LOOK KIND OF FAMILIAR. HAVE WE EVER MET?
EH? NO...NO, CHILD, I WOULD REMEMBER. WE'VE NEVER MET.
I KNOW THAT I KNOW YOU. I'LL FIGURE IT OUT. YOU'LL SEE.
WHAT'D I TELL YOU? SEE THE CONNECTION?
YEAH. I'M AFRAID I DO.
WHAT ARE YOU TWO WHISPERING ABOUT?
NONE OF YOUR BEESWAX.
PROFESSOR HOLMES, WHAT ABOUT MISS DREISER? AND PASTERNAK?
THERE WAS A SCUFFLE. THEN TACHYON CAME ALONG...I DON'T REALLY KNOW, ELIZABETH.
THE WHEELS ARE DOWN. I'M STARTING OUR APPROACH. SOMEBODY LET TACHYON KNOW, SO HE CAN CLEAR OUT.
11


I AM ALREADY INSIDE, DOT. I SAW THE WHEELS COME DOWN.
OKAY, WELL, OK, MAKE YOURSELF COMFY.
TACHYON, YOU CAN ALIGHT WITHOUT US. IF ANYTHING SHOULD GO WRONG-
YOU ARE MY ONLY FAMILY HERE, JAMES. ALL OF YOU. WE GO DOWN TOGETHER.
WISH YOU HADN'T QUITE PUT IT THAT WAY, TACKY.
THE HUMANOID IS CORRECT. I HAVE ALIGNED MYSELF WITH THE PROPER INDIVIDUALS.
BUT THESE HUMANS WILL HELP ME WHEN THEY HAVE LEARNED THE TRUTH.
HUMANS THINK I AM INCAPABLE OF THOUGHT, OF FEELING.
JAMES HOLMES.
IT SPEAKS! THE MONSTER SPEAKS!
SHUT UP, DANNY. HE'S NO MONSTER. HE HELPED US, REMEMBER?
EH? WHAT IS IT, MEGABYTE?
I HAVE A HEART, JAMES HOLMES.
UH, YES, OF COURSE. DIDN'T MEAN TO IGNORE YOU. SORRY.
YES, IT WAS JUST THAT YOU WERE SO QUIET.
THESE HUMANS ALSO DO NOT UNDERSTAND.
USA
I HAVE A HEART.
HEY, GUYS! THAT DINER'S OPEN. FOOD!
FRED'S DINER

BE HERE IN 14 DAYS FOR THE START OF A NEW ADVENTURE AS OUR TEAM SETTLES DOWN AND SETTLES IN, ONLY TO FIND THEMSELVES ASKING...

"WHICH WAY THE WITCH?" —MINDY.

HIGH TIDE

P.O. Box 199, Guerneville, CA 95446

Welcome to the first installment of the **New Wave** *letter column. I have a bottle of champagne here, given to me by some very nice flight attendants on a recent trip across the country, who, it turned out, were moms, and who, it turned out, had read my LOIS LANE mini-series on missing children. Who said there are no perks with this job? Anyway, if I smashed it open against my typewriter, I'd have to buy a new one, and it wouldn't exactly crack against this paper, so I think I'll just pop the cork and toast myself... and you, 'cause without your letters, there ain't no column, folks. That's an invitation to write and let me know what you're thinking. And if you need any more encouragement, well, R.A. Jones, in a recent CBG article, said that I was a lady (well, maybe, R.A.) with a lot of opinions, who wasn't afraid to get down in the trenches and slug it out with the fans. So if you wanna wrestle with me, I can promise some fun. Be careful with the mud-slinging, though. 'Cause I can sling with the best of 'em!*

Dearest Cat, Mindy, and Sean,

I have just read **New Wave #1**, and what can I say? You want to know what I say? You do? You don't? Does anyone? No one? Ow!! OK! OK!! I'll say it, I'll say it—*YAY! LOOKS GOOD! HAS PROMISE!* There, I got it out. I said it. With mags like this, I may not be a furious flake anymore; I may take after my sister and become a fun flake instead!

Take care and be good. I'll be watching.

Sincerely yours,
The Furious Flake
no address given

Gee, thanks, uh ... Flake. (You sure you're not a serious flake?) —mn

Dear Mindy,

I had the pleasure of speaking with you at the ECLIPSE table on the last day of the Chicago Comicon. I had mentioned that I don't write letters to comic books, yet here I am, writing at your encouragement.

I'll say again what I told you in person: I think you are an outstanding writer. Right from the start, when I read your stories in **New Talent Showcase,** there was always that little extra that set them above the other stories. But it was **Lois Lane**—followed closely by **The New Wave** that really blew me away. You have written some pretty remarkable stuff. Your handling of Lois, Lucy, Clark, and Jimmy was quite sharp. The dialogue in **The New Wave #1** has got me very excited about reading future issues. With two sentences, Trudy Steinberg changes from the obligatory voice of protest into a human being having a casual affair with one of her co-workers. On the last page, when we readers know Tachyon is going to burst out of the ship, you have characters who are as smart as the readers. Nancy says, "I know what's coming!!!"

I hope the comics publishers keep buying your material so I can keep reading it. Writing comics is something I want to do, and with exceptional writers such as yourself, I've got plenty of inspiration.

Sincerely,
Edward DeGeorge
2112 Second St.
Northbrook, IL 60062

Thanks, Edward, and I'm glad I gave you pleasure. (Oops, that didn't sound so good, did it?) —mn

Dear Editor,

I'm still not sure that I'm sold on the format, but the story in #2 sure helped to sell me on the concept! From the life-and-death opening, the story quickly proceeded to a look at the maneuvering being done to try to control the project. This was somewhat less urgently dramatic, but still intriguing and potentially just as much of a life-and-death situation.

The portrayal of Nancy is an interesting one. Though she has bad feelings about it, she still goes along with Cliff's plan to manipulate and control James. She may even think herself superior to Cliff because she agonizes over her actions while he does it coldbloodedly. But the proof is in the action one takes, and if she goes along with Cliff, then she is no better than him. Still, she may have second thoughts, and I await to see what she might do, even as she gets drawn deeper and deeper into her current course.

Furthur uncertainty is added by the appearance of Danny and Liz. Mysterious people seem to be the norm for this mag so far, and they certainly add to that!

Finally, I feel I should remark on something Danny says on page 8. "Telekinesis sure didn't hurt Uri Geller... He's made money from it." Uri Geller has sure made a lot of money, but telekinesis has had nothing to do with it. According to my information, his "feats" are all variants of standard "stage magic," and he has simply manipulated scientists and the media into reporting it as true psychic power. "Bending spoons," as Liz said, is an old trick—and only a trick.

Yours truly,
T.M. Maple
Box 1272, Station B
Weston, Ontario
M9L 2R9 Canada

Truth to tell, I've got a warm spot in my heart for Nancy, T.M. (What does that say about me, huh?) I'm not quite sure how far the woman is willing to bend her beliefs; as you probably know by now, she had a change of heart, but Nancy strikes me as the type of person who goes wherever the wind is blowing the strongest, to make up my own metaphor. And Liz was speaking sarcastically to Danny. She doesn't have much respect for Uri Geller... and apparently not much respect for Danny's way with a basketball. —mn

That's it—for now, anyway, folks. Write, and don't be afraid to be honest, like I said. It's what makes these letter columns fun. Just don't get nasty, okay? —mn